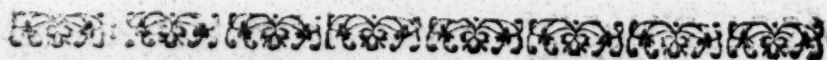


A
CONGRATULATORY
LETTER
TO
Cardinal *TENCIN*, &c.

[Price Sixpence,]



TO THE EDITOR

OF THE

NEW YORK

TRIBUNE

NEW YORK, N.Y.

A
CONGRATULATORY
LETTER
TO

Cardinal *TENCIN*,

On the FLIGHT of his

Pretended HIGHNESS,

And his RABBLE of *French and Highland*
PLUNDERERS.

Wrote in Imitation of DEAN SWIFT.



L O N D O N:

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THEY ARE ALL DEAD

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A

CONGRATULATORY
LETTER
TO
Cardinal *TENCIN*, &c.

My good spiritual Lord Cardinal,



HOUGH it was my utmost Wish, that your *Catholic Hero* would have carried his *Quixotism* to such a Length, as to have hazarded a *Windmill-Engagement* with an Army of *Englishmen*, which would have furnished me with more satisfactory Materials, and impos'd a much more agreeable Task upon me; yet I cannot omit making the same Use of his *Cowardice*, which I hoped to have made of his *Rashness*; and to compliment you on his *Flight*, postponing
B only

only my intended Congratulation on his Defeat.

Be it known to you then, LORD CARDINAL, that after having sufficiently Quixoted it in *Scotland*, (the *Highlands* of which are peopled with mercenary adventurous SANCHOS, equally devoted to the *French*, the *Pope*, or the *Devil*, which will furnish out a Scene of Plunder for them) your Catholic *Quixote*, *nescio quos montes auri pollicitus*, &c. advanced with them into *England*; where, after having seen and been seen, and in divers Places proclaimed himself the *Regent* thereof, and manifesto'd the Blessings which would attend such a hopeful Regency; having met with great Vexation and Disappointment in finding an incredible Scarcity of SANCHOS to be cajol'd or brib'd into desperate Adventures in the *English Highlands*; and that how possible soever the Situation of the Country render'd an Escape from one Army, his Progress must inevitably throw him into the Jaws of another; he prudently thought it safer to lead both Armies a Dance, than to face either of them; and leaving his Rear to be defeated, and a Garrison to be sacrificed, made a precipitate Retreat into *Scotland*; where he is once more acting the *Quixote*, and the *Plunderer*; and where, for the present, as his

Exploits

Exploits will be of a very short Duration, we will leave both him, and our History of him.

This *Flight* of his *pretended Highness*, is an Event, which, I make no Question, your Lordship not only *foresaw*, but also did originally *design*; and have all along plotted deeply, and labour'd hard to *bring about*: Your Reputation for Sagacity and Wisdom, which wide and many-mouth'd Fame hath founded through all the Courts of *Europe*, leaves no room to doubt of it; and whilst *you* direct their Counsels, we as easily assent to the Infallibility of the *French Cabinet*, as the *Papal Chair*: I speak of staunch and sowing Believers. But, alas, there are Hereticks in Politicks (you know) as well as in Religion; there are who will perversely set up themselves for Judges; will boggle at Matters of Fact, as well as Objects of Sense; will presume to reason *à posteriori*; and form a Judgment of your Lordship's Intention, from your Actions, and the Goodness or Badness of that Intention, from their superficial reasoning on those Actions.

And as Heretics always judge wrong, and reason falsely; so these Persons (which you will not wonder at) entertain a very absurd and mistaken Opinion of you. They call your Sagacity so much in Question, as even not

to scruple, in their own proverbial Language, to pronounce of you, that you are *no Conjuror*; and they are so far from believing that Things have turn'd out to your Mind, and answer'd your Expectations, that they confidently affirm the direct contrary.

Alas! you see, my Lord, however Ignorance may be the *Mother of Devotion*, it cannot be that of *Politicks*; otherwise these mere Pretenders to Judgment and Penetration could not be so heretically mistaken in the Sagacity of your's, and so superficial in their own. In good Truth, so ignorant are they, that with all my Knowledge of the Uprightness of your Intentions, and all my Rhetoric to display it, I could never yet convince a downright Mule-headed *Englishman*, that you plotted wholly for his Good, and had actually at Heart the Happiness and Prosperity of the *English Nation*.

Dull Heretics! they bluster (as I told you) about what they so much pin their Faith upon, Matters of Fact, and Ocular Demonstration; and all this (alack the Day!) without being able to dive into the Springs of either, their shallow Heads entertaining nothing but *Hogarthical* Ideas, and their very best Harangues being only Drol-Descriptions of you.

Dull

Dull short-sighted Inspectors into the Refinements of *French* Politicks! They say, you palm'd a *Pretender* upon them:—They say, that in Confederacy with his Cardinalship the Triple-mitred, you aim'd at the Subversion of their Liberties and their Religion:—And lastly, they scruple not to affirm that you promised to your Ambition the Glory of uniting *Great Britain*, like a little Bit of a paultry *Netherland*, to the Crown of your little Master, the *Grand Monarque*. Nay, if you will believe me, they are as positive, as even their very *Quakers*, and as inflexible in these their Affirmations.

What more notorious Instances can be given of the Stupidity objected by *French* Vivacity to the *English* Nation! As if—for, my good Lord, the Fulness of my Head and Heart will force me to expatiate on this Occasion,—as if your Lordship's Knowledge and Skill in political Arithmetic, were not extensive enough to form somewhat of a just, or near just, or probable, or near probable, or possible, or near possible Calculation of the Number, or Equality, or Majority, or great, or very great, or infinite Majority of loyal Hearts in the *English* Nation? As if your Lordship really meant to palm a *Pretender* upon them? Where must they think you were born? Where educated? What heard?

What

What read? What a Whirligig of a Head? What a diminutive Stature of Understanding must they ascribe to you? What a Raree-Shew must they judge the *French* Cabinet, what a pleasant Punch the grand Monarque, and what a Group of easy Wire-strung Puppets the Council, who could be put into a proper Motion to antick such frolicksome Gambols, by such a Head, and such an Understanding? What! palm a *Pretender* upon *Englishmen* seriously, my Lord? I have no Patience,—there is not a *French* Peasant in all your most depopulated Dominions, who had ever heard, seen, felt, or understood what an *Englishman* was, but who would have laugh'd at the Joke of palming a *Pretender* upon him. And could the sagacious, the penetrating, the Monarch-soothing, *France*-riding, Cabinet-ruling, the infallible Lord Cardinal *Tencin* think seriously upon it? Alas! my good Lord, these *English* Heretics would so ex-cabinet, de-cardinalize, and un-Tencinize you, as even to ideotize you to the very most contemptible Degree of Ideotism.

Then,---as to their next Accusation,---that in Confederacy with his most holy Cardinalship, *Rome's* triple-mitred one, you aim'd at the Subversion of their Liberties and Religion, ---only observe again, what an Idiot they make of you? What an errant Knight-Adventurer

venturer in the most ridiculous of all the most ridiculous Exploits of Quixotism? You want (we will suppose) to subvert the Liberties and Religion of the *British* Heretics; and nothing you know can sooner give an Alarm, and inspire them with greater Unanimity of Resolution to defend them, than finding his Holiness, old Grandfather Pope, stir a Step in your Behalf: And therefore, to frustrate your whole Design, you will go to Grandpapa Pope, and desire him to furnish you with a pure Catholick Hero for this Enterprize; and to be so good as to catechise, to tutor, to bull him, to manifesto him, and to benedict him. And all this, that he may come and highland, and rebel, and hero it here in *England*, with the greatest possible Aversion against him. Alas! poor Hero! alas! poor Cardinal! Here's Infallibility in Politics for you!—

But, supposing this little Stick of Heroism and Popery away:—If you had seriously a Mind to subvert both our Liberties and Religion, why so much more Haste than good Speed? Why a Giant's Stride for a Cardinal? Why subvert both at once? The *English*, you know, are ready enough to sacrifice their Lives singly for either; and what must you think they would do for both? Indeed these Hereticks endeavour themselves to excuse this Matter,

ter, by allowing that you had so much Knowledge (and the least Concession of Knowledge, is a great Favour from them) as to foresee that you could not subvert the one, without at the same Time subverting the other. But then, if their Lives are ready to be sacrific'd for *either*, it comes to the same Thing; and my poor Cardinal appears equally impolitic *with* this Excuse of the Hereticks as *without* it.

Lastly, these ignorant Hereticks say, you intended to make *Great Britain* a Province to *France*.---And here I am really provok'd beyond all Patience.---*Great Britain* made a Province to *France*! And my good Lord Cardinal TENCIN, the Man who seriously thought to make it so! What must these Hereticks think of you, my Lord? What of your Ignorance of your own Nation, as well as theirs? What of your being equally unread in the History of them both? What of your having neither read nor heard of any *Memoribilia*, concerning the local Names of the Fields of AGINCOURT, BLENHEIM and DETTINGEN? What of your being—but I won't mention the ideotical Names you are known by in the Conversation between *English* Heretics. But really I think (so much do they abuse you) that of all the odd and fantastical of the oddest and most fantastical Thoughts

Thoughts that ever could have entered into these Hereticks Heads, this is one, that ever any *Frenchman* should seriously think it possible to make a Slave of an *Englishman*: What a strange bombastical Height of an Hyperbole in Odditism, must it then be for Cardinal TENCIN to think seriously upon *provincing*, or enslaving a Nation of *Englishmen*?

But don't think, my very good Lord, that I in the least give into this degrading and mistaken Opinion, which my Countrymen entertain of you. No, I am more and more convinc'd of the Riches of your Pericranium's ideatical Furniture; of the Sagacity and Penetration with which Nature, and your Climate, and the *French King*, and the Jesuit Pope has adorn'd your Intellectuals; and as I am thence naturally led to subscribe to the Infallibility of your Wisdom and Understanding, will endeavour to account for your Conduct in a Manner, that may serve to confirm my Belief in it.

In order to which, I must lay down a *self-evident Principle*; or, to supply the Place of that, a *sure Maxim*; or, if I can't do that, a *Postulatum*, or somewhat at least of a *Postulatum* to proceed upon.

And my kind of a *Postulatum* shall be
C this,

this, and to make it *stronger*, it shall be a *double one*, viz.

That you love the *French* Monarchy, and will do what lies in your Power, and not in your Power, to raise it to universal Monarchy: And that you are a great Friend to *Great-Britain*, and would do your utmost to promote it's Good and Prosperity.

And hence I can give a rational Account of your late Conduct, Mr. *Cardinal*.

But first, I am oblig'd to lay down another *Postulatum*, viz.

That since no Nation can do *France* more Service than the *English* Nation, and no Nation is more *averse* to do it; it is possible that *France*, by laying some very great Obligation upon *England*, may make a Friend of her at last; and procure her Aid to obtain (what she cannot do without it) *somewhat-like*, or *near*, or *almost*, (for *England* itself, you know must be excepted) *universal Monarchy*.

And now I can set your Conduct in a good Light:—I should have been glad, indeed, if I could have done it without these *Postulatus*, but your *French* Politics are too refin'd for ordinary

ordinary Capacities, without the Help of *Postulatum*-Spectacles, to see into them.

To lay an Obligation then upon *England*, you have reviv'd the old Story of a Cock and a Bull, and sent over a *Pretender*, and rais'd a *Highland* Rebellion, and seemingly endeavour'd to distress and conquer it.

For which, my good LORD CARDINAL, you will make an Apology, and explain the *Terms* of the Obligation; by telling us, what we are very well convinc'd of, that we reap these *Advantages* from it.

That no *Pretender* will be again easily induc'd, or seduc'd, to manifesto his Pretensions amongst us.

That we shall know the Strength, and the Hearts of the Kingdom.

And, that having nothing to fear from Enemies at home, we shall unite as *Englishmen*, to make us felt by our Enemies abroad.

These, indeed, are some Advantages, and (if Heretics think them intended as such) Obligations. But, alas! my LORD CARDINAL, there is not one in a Million of obstinate Mule-headed *Englishmen*, who will be-

hold them in that Light. And I have too much Reason to believe you will never be able, on this Occasion, to instil Gratitude into them. Alas! so perverse are they, that I really believe whatever you can build up towards universal Monarchy in one Year, they will have all Hands to work, to pull it down in another. Nay, so ungrateful do I believe them to be to your Particle of, and Relation to Holiness; and the Nation whose Monarchy you so much consult; that could they, (which *British* Virtue cannot) like *Frenchmen* and *Papists*, lay aside Humanity, they would *Pretenderize* and *Highlandize* you all with a Witness,

And indeed, my good Lord, (not to dispirit your Lordship on the Prospect of an approaching Storm) whatever these *British* Heretics may do, when they come amongst you, (and what will not *Englishmen* do, who never want Resolution; and now think they have also Provocation?) Why should you have a *bad Opinion* of them, if they come in *Battle-array* to you? Judge from my Account of your *own* Conduct; and therefore, though there is not a *visible friendly* Design, yet kindly judge there is a *latent* one. Providence (perhaps) never design'd you universal Monarchy; and your late *Pretendero-Scheme*, may have absolutely determin'd
the

the *English* Nation, to prevent your inching and elbowing any farther into it. Perhaps too, to abate this Elasticity of the *French* Atmosphere of Government, it may be providentially necessary, for the *English* to condense it beyond it's present Sphere of Repulsion, (which you know they have had great Skill at doing,) and to take away from its Elasticity as much in a few Years, as it can recover in a Century of them; which is the only Way to keep an elastic Kingdom in good Order; especially (which is your Case) when the expansive Elasticity of your Atmosphere throws off only it's *Pestilential Air* into every Neighbouring Atmosphere: Do not be dispirited, I say; conceive a latent friendly Design, if our *British Mars*, our young *Marlborough*, (I suppose you have not forgot the old one) should pay you a Visit with his *English* Mirmidons. And do not take it at all amiss; O believe we have a very *friendly* Intention,—for we'll consider the Good of all *Europe*; the Faith of Treaties and of Kings; we will remember every Thing that is good and worthy to be remember'd; nay, we will awaken your own Remembrance; you shall, you shall once more reflect on AGINCOURT, BLENHEIM, and DETTINGEN.

Excuse me, my GOOD CARDINAL, I had the Spirit of the *British* Heretics just now
come

come upon me.—But to use your Cardinalship's Legerdemain—*Puff*,—'tis gone: And in Return, do you, my LORD CARDINAL, Legerdemain it, and say *Puff* to the Fury of the *English* Nation:—But, look about you, before you say, 'tis gone. Were you to have to do with *Pretenders*, *Highlanders*, *Banditti's*, *Plunderers*, you may safely say, *Puff*, and they're gone, my Lord: But reflect on *French* Experience without *English* Provocation; and then reflect on *French* Experience with it: And if you do say, *Puff*, my Lord, yet be a little cautious how you say it. Stab an *Englishman's* Heart, my Lord, and your Cardinalship may protect you; stab his Liberty, and nothing can: Infringe the Interest, the Property of the *British* Nation, and you shall feel our Resentment: Dare to make Slaves of us, and you shall feel *English* Resentment heighten'd into *English* Fury and Revenge.

Excuse me, my good LORD CARDINAL, I have relaps'd into the *Englishman* again; but 'tis natural, & *expellas naturam furcâ licet*.—Bull it, Hereticize and Inquisition it; yet you know it will *English* and *Protestant* it still, & *usque recurret*; but I will fork it off so far, as even most adulterately to frenchify it, in paying you most obsequiously the following Compliments.

That

That you, my good LORD CARDINAL, have shewn a glorious papistical Ambition to cardinalize it over *Great Britain* and *Europe*, as much as it could be in the Mitre-blown up Inclinations of *former* Cardinals; or can possibly be in the *Pope-Toe-kissing*, and the *Pope-Toe-kicked* Ambition, Enthusiasm and Superstition of all *future* Cardinals.

Nay,—that you have not only cardinalized it beyond Ancestor-Cardinals, but that you have even gone so far as to leave no Work for cardinalizing to Posterity-Cardinals; that you have wrested out of their Hands, and exparticulated from their Brains, their supposed Anti-Britannic two-edged Sword, *viz.* their *James the Giant-killer*; and left them to ruminate upon past Times, when a Cardinal, to shew his refin'd Politics, had nothing more to do, than to take a Nap in an Elbow Chair, and to dream; and then to cabinet his Dream, and thereby to propagate his Dream; and, when the Dream was propagated, to dream a Refinement Dream; and then again to cabinet the Dreamers, and to make them stare at the refin'd Dream; and then to believe it; and then to think it auspicious and papistical; and then to think it not a Dream; and then to believe it somewhat of a Truth; and then to judge it a *possible* Truth; and then to be convinc'd of it's being
a *pro-*

a *probable* Truth; and then to act as if it were a *certain* Truth; and then, lastly, to flatter themselves, that they had Grand-Papa Pope's successful Blessing on *real Antibritannic* two-edg'd Swords, and most *certain* James's, or Charles's, the George or Giant-killers.

Whence proceed these *Corollary* Compliments.

That my good Lord CARDINAL TENCIN has been (according to the Maxim laid down in this Letter) a Friend to *Great Britain*.

And also,

That by laying a greater stumbling Block in *France's* Way to universal Monarchy, (which you knew was not proper for her) you have shewn yourself a Friend to the Spiral-line Dominion-loving *Grand Monarque*.

Moreover,

Which redounds to your Honour, and adds to your Cardinalship's Glory, I pay you the most obsequious Compliment of acknowledging that you have acted with Cardinal-Dignity, and Cardinal Identity; and not only fill'd up, but even surplus'd the Character of *Cardinal*.

And

And to your greater Honour I mention it, because you succeeded, or very near succeeded; and, at least, have elbow'd into the Place of, a poor good-for-nothing, lifeless, ambitionless, unfrenchified, uncatholic, unpapistical-Cardinal; that intolerably Lamb-like, and most unsufferably peaceable, and most uncatholic-unbloody, *Cardinal de FLEURY*; a shallow-brain'd Prime Minister, who schem'd only for what he knew he could get, and would not refine to scheme *for* what he knew he could not; who enrich'd *France*, because he knew it was impossible to monarchize it; and so left you, my most refin'd LORD CARDINAL, the either most difficult or most easy Work, to make it first poor, in order to monarchize it; and then, secondly, to wish in vain for that poor CARDINAL's *French*-imported Riches, which you have fruitlessly squander'd away to monarchize it.

I might here conclude my Congratulatory Epistle, did not the vociferations Exclamations of Numbers of my Mule-headed Countrymen, grounded on a mistaken Notion of the Genius and Nature of *Cardinalism*, proceeding from their blending it with the Notion of a *Christian* and a *Churchman*, oblige me to give a Hint at (what they call) their *religious* Objections to your late Conduct.

D

It

It is your Maxim, my LORD, that Heresies spring from indulging Christians the Knowledge of Christianity: And if to call the Christian Orthodoxy of your Politics into Question be (as I don't doubt you will most confidently affirm) a most iniquitous Branch of Heresy; I so far assent to the Truth of your Maxim; for these *English* Heretics fly to their *Bibles* for Indictments against you; and they talk of a severe Account to be given in another World, for what (they think) your *unchurchman-like*, and *unchristian*-Demeanour in this.

As they cannot meet with one single Suggestion in the Scriptures (and their Clergy have not that Dominion over their Senses and Understandings, as to make them see what they do not see, and to believe what they can give them no sufficient Reason to believe) that Empire and Religion are to be extended by Fire and Sword; that whole Nations must be butcher'd, because they are Protestants or free People; and the breathing of the Air to all *Europe*, must be on the hard Conditions of kissing the Pope's Toe, or your *French* Master's Breech: I say, as they cannot meet with one single Scriptural Suggestion, in Favour of these your *Popish* and *French* Schemes; but, on the contrary, many which absolutely anathematize and condemn them; they entertain

certain as bad an Opinion of you as a *Christian*, as I before told you they did of you as a *Politician*.

But here (as I said) lays their Mistake; in that they will blend together the Notion of a *Cardinal* and a *Christian*; which, I am well persuaded, are Notions the farthest of any from being blended together in my Lord Cardinal TENCIN's Associations of Ideas. For, what a despicable Figure would a Minister of *France* make in the Cabinet, and how short would be his Stay there, if he mov'd so very heavily, as to deliberate whether he serv'd his God, by his refin'd Schemes to serve his King? And if *France* is to be monarchiz'd, and this is a *French Maxim*, would a Cardinal scrupulize upon a Christian one, and object the Butchery and Devastation, the Barbarity and Inhumanity, by which it must be effected? No, my Lord, this is not the Creed of Cardinals, or Policy of *French* Cabinet-makers; let *Europe* judge of their *Creed* and their *Policy* by their *Actions*.

Which, by the bye, I believe they will soon be prevail'd upon to do: And That, you, my Lord, have already shewn them to *Europe* in so strong a Light, as to cut short the Work and Labour of future Cardinals. That *Europe* will want no farther Conviction, either of the Designs of of your Court, or

of the Means (extended to the indifferent embracing of all possible Barbarity of Means) by which it is determin'd to pursue and promote them.

It is to be hop'd, the Service you have done your Court, (which the *English* Nation, I am assur'd, and all *Europe*, I hope, will shortly convince it of) will meet with a suitable Reward from it. If not, Patience must foment your sore Mind in the CARDINAL's Tour through this World; and Retirement must prepare you to audit your bloody depopulating Accounts in the next.

Adieu, LORD CARDINAL! you have from me the known Wishes of a sincere PROTESTANT, and a loyal ENGLISHMAN,

F I N I S.



